

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME VI—NUMBER 26

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1877.

WHOLE NUMBER 274.

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One square, six months, \$15.00
One square, one year, \$25.00
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Advertisements for real estate, at special rates.
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Advertisements for public notice, at special rates.
Advertisements for legal notice, at special rates.
Advertisements for medical notice, at special rates.
Advertisements for religious notice, at special rates.
Advertisements for political notice, at special rates.
Advertisements for social notice, at special rates.
Advertisements for general notice, at special rates.

OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE

in every particular, and now Job Printing is as
well as ever in the hands of the Interior Journal.

LOUISVILLE BUSINESS DIRECTORY

RAMBERG, BLOOM & CO.
Wholesale Dry Goods, 22, 24 and 26 Main and
Second Streets, Louisville, Ky.

DR. PHIL. BUCKNER

Has the Treatment of the Eye, Ear and Throat
a specialty.

Remington Sewing Machine.

For Sale. J. C. Goff, 101 Third St.
Selling and repairing Sewing Machines. Also for
the Light Sewing Machine.

J. H. RYAN & CO.

Also and Hattie Taylor, Shoe and Carpet Store
221 Broadway, 1st, 2nd and 3rd Main Streets. Con-
sultation promptly attended to.

MADAME C. J. OLIVER.

Tea and Coffee in the Evening. Embroidering, Millinery
and Dressmaking. Also for the Light Sewing Machine.

THE GUNN & CO.

Carriage and Harness. Also for the Light Sewing Machine.

JABEZ C. KIRK.

Millwright, Builder and Carpenter. Also for the Light Sewing Machine.

H. SPENCER & CO.

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J. G. MATTHEWS.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

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For the Light Sewing Machine.

LEWIS, GAGE & CO.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

R. BOYD & CO.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

WURCH & SCHOLTE.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

MYERS & BONN.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

C. BRADLEY & SON.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

MULDON, WALTON & CO.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

C. A. SCHULTE-Jeweler.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

WM. ROBERT & CO.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

A. L. O'CONNOR-Grocer.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

PERRY & CO.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

SCOTT & OWEN.

For the Light Sewing Machine.

Commencement Exercises

Stanford Female College.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10th.

Annual Commencement Sermon

By

REV. DANIEL YOUNG.

of Nashville, Ky.

ANNUAL CONCERT.

Wednesday Eve., June 13.

REGULAR COMMENCEMENT

EXERCISES.

ANNUAL ADDRESS

By

REV. A. W. WILSON, D. D.

of Baltimore, Md.

WHEAT & CHENEY.

[Successors to Terry, Wood & Cheney.]

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Agents for Fresh Fruit from California.

No. 221 Main St., bet. Main & Second.

Opposite Lumber Mill.

John L. White, Proprietor.

"If We Know"

If we know the way and know
how to follow it, we will find it.

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FROM TEXAS

May 27th, 1877.

In behalf of Texas, I would ac-

knowledge the complimentary man-

ner in which the Interior Journal

of the State of Texas, the people of

State, in fact, the people of human

kindness have so freely in "Texas"

venue that it would have been impos-

sible for him to have accounted for it

in any other way.

It is true the story of the Interior

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STANFORD COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT

CHAS. G. GORDON, June 8th.

Last Thursday and Friday evening

closed the Commencement Exercises

of Stanford College for the year.

The first of the exercises was held

in the hall of the Interior Journal

and was attended by a large number

of the people of the Interior Journal

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A Handsome Tribute to Virginia

Factories and foundries are spring-

ing up all over the "Old Dominion,"

and thousands of thrifty emigrants

have been turned from the West to

settle on her hospitable and pro-

ductive fields. The land of Virginia

is fairly rich; much of it that has been

"killed by growing tobacco" was re-

ally only "burned" and can be "cured"

cheaply and permanently with the

modern method of irrigation, which

throughout her eastern domain. For

eighty miles along the historical and

notable James River the land invites

the husbandman's tillage with the

smile with the harvest. There is

no good reason why Virginia should

not become a great Commonwealth

in the agricultural, mining and in-

dustrial interests as Pennsylvania.

Let the people who are now looking

for work in New England emigrate and

continue the greatness and prosperity

of the "Mother of States and States-

men." (Philadelphia Inquirer.)

THE YALDETOBY

Some men marry dimples, some

eyes, a few ears; the mouth, too, is

occasionally married; the chin, not so

often. A young man once fell

TURNED ADRIET.

BY MRS. EUGENIA DUNLAP FOTTS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE sun was already behind the trees when the ambulance entered the wide gates and the weary horses walked slowly around the drive. From the upper windows we could see the two ladies and several gentlemen seated within. Juliet and Adelaide with drew discreetly out of sight, leaving the servants to admit the travelers; and I was of course invisible.

In a moment Guy rushed up breathless, kissing and smiling, greeting all, even me, while between breaths she chattered away in her voluble manner.

"Oh, girls, you ought to see what splendid beaux I've brought you. Perfectly exquisite! There's Mr. Garland, Ident. of the Sixth Cavalry; Mr. Norris, a young lawyer; and Mr. Righter, the new Indian agent. They are ever so nice. We saw them up at the garage; and to-day don't you think we overtook them all plodding along with a wagon-train? Ma'ma persuaded them to drive in with us and remain a day or two. You know the nules are not allowed to travel more than fifteen miles a day. They can spend three or four days here and then mount fleet horses and overtake the wagon-master. It will be glorious."

"Oh, Guy, I'm so glad you've come," said Myra, twining her arms about her royal-looking sisters.

"Are you, little one? Well, I've brought you the beautiful Zouave jacket you ever saw," was her reply to the only creature in the world, upon whose feelings Guy would not lay injurious hands.

Adelaide had met her greeting in a dignified manner, and Juliet had abandoned herself to the very enthusiasm of joy; so great was their slavish homage to this eccentric compound. Even I could not withhold genuine admiration of her magnificent beauty and winning spirit. But I intuitively felt the trail of the serpent over the fair picture and distrusted even when I most admired.

We could distinctly hear the muffled voices below stairs, as we busily made an evening toilet, all five of us, each other that by throwing up intervening doors, we seemed to be in the same apartment.

Guy could not talk fast enough about the delights of the garbion.

"I'm going up again in a few weeks," she said.

"I have a special and pressing invitation to spend at Major Eve's quarters. His wife is an elegant woman."

Meanwhile I wrote the promised letter to my guardian, deferred until I knew he was at his post.

At last Guy arose and Brutus frisked about the room in delight. The noble creature was both hungry and tired.

"Go fetch, Brutus," she lazily exclaimed; and the dog brought first one article of apparel, then another until all she needed was at hand except her actual dress. His efforts to lug safely the troublesome hoop skirt belonging to the toilet were truly laughable. This duty accomplished he sagaciously crouched upon the floor and watched proceedings till the last article of dress was adjusted when bounding toward the door he stood wagging his tail and watching the clapping of brooch and earrings as if aware that this ended his weary probation. When his young mistress actually started, his delight knew no bounds.

This was the ordinary morning programme and no amount of remonstrance, persuasion or scolding could convert Gertrude Garnet to industrious habits.

Mr. Garnet was an early riser and had already been over her plantation on horseback when breakfast was announced.

In the afternoon drives, rides and walks were proposed. I yielded to the persuasions of Mr. Norris and took a short walk into the wilderness over the main road I had followed beside Captain Hadyn. How long ago it appeared. Again I seemed to hear his earnest voice tenderly offering to shield me from certain annoyance, and possible corruption.

There was nothing attempted in the domestic line while the gentlemen remained. On the day after their arrival we were joined by Mr. Fouché, an old admirer of Adelaide, on his way from Texas to Fort Semple. He was about forty-five and had brought her about his visit the day horse I had found so spirited.

Next day an excursion up the mountain was proposed, and we devoted our energies all afternoon to shortening dress skirts preparatory to the rugged jaunt.

Under the influence of my better nature and the kindness extended by at least some of my new friends, I strove hard to forget for a time the grief and suspense that had so transformed me at first. I was naturally buoyant, and in a genial atmosphere had no difficulty in appearing vulnerable to kindly attentions.

The appointed morning was glorious. Before us towered the mountain somewhat obscured by the early mists. Or all sides stretched the wild forest, unbroken save by Government trains, and undisturbed save by the adventurous woodman's axe. Beyond its confines I knew that human beings congregated in humble houses, and that nearer to the river, whose broad bosom bore away the produce of the section, fine plantations broke forth into life. But we saw nothing of all this as we stepped forth, a party of nine, armed and equipped for the ascent.

The gentlemen wore fatigue jackets and the ladies were arrayed in short dark dresses with thick boots and broad hats, while all were provided with alpenstocks to assist in climbing. Lunch baskets were crowded in amid good humored protests from those who were compelled to carry them.

A brisk walk of several hundred yards brought us to the base and as we looked along the almost perpendicular slope of the mountain the twenty-one hundred feet seemed inaccessible. But we paired off, all except Adelaide who declared she intended to be the odd member, and were soon laboring and clambering over rocks, dry leaves and sticks, leaning upon our staffs, or clinging to the young trees, or occasionally accepting a hand or an arm from the gentlemen.

There was a good deal of laughing and witty repartee elicited by the awkward mistakes so often made. Once Mr. Fouché, in attempting to release Guy's foot from a rolling stone that had suddenly imprisoned it, lost his balance and fell at full length, sliding downward and entangling at what ever came in his way. At which the whole party abandoned themselves to uncontrollable mirth. He good humoredly picked himself up, (his head a giant in height) and hastened to regain the side of his companion who had merrily preceded him far up the mountain.

Down there we had been in a narrow circle that limited our vision to Mountain Hall. From this elevated observatory we saw that the mountain was not one peak but a range four miles long whose ridges lifted themselves above vast valleys and busy plantations; above the river on whose undulating curves a white steamer was gracefully gliding towards the more densely populated sections.

Myra Lisla, confess that this is glorious!" exclaimed my companion with enthusiasm; "Did you ever behold a more romantic landscape?"

"We are indeed, in another world," said I. "Think what footstep before us have trodden these heights. How many a bold warrior has doubtless sought his prey from this lofty outlook! How many a Hiawatha has wooed his love from this vantage point."

"I see, I see," he said, "your thoughts are fully in union. But if you, a devotee of Longfellow and Cooper, I fear the red man as he is will remain a sealed mystery to you."

"Believe me," said I, "I would not lose faith if I could. It is so beautiful to cling to these idols of the pioneer age. Distance and antiquity lend a degree of enchantment which it once dispelled never returns."

"What are you two moralizing about?" rudely broke in Guy.

"Indians! You ought to see some of the romantic specimens of Choctaws and Chickasaws that sometimes come to our doors begging a little tobacco or whiskey! What do you say Mr. Garland?" she asked as he and Myra came up.

"What! About Indians? Why, I say, Good Lord deliver us!"

"Oh! Mr. Garland," disclaimed Myra, "I feel sorry for the poor creatures."

"That's because you are too angelic to appreciate the subject," he gallantly replied. "What says Righter over there? But I beg pardon. I forgot he and Miss Juliet had Dupont under discussion. When that magic name sounded all ye ladies are dead to everything else under the sun."

"You'd better mind, Mr. Garland," retorted Juliet from her cozy seat under the boughs. "That's forbidden ground."

"I wish for my part both the ground and the man were in the same box," was his rather sotto voce response. He had already observed that the bare mention of Major Dupont was the signal for some such disparaging remark. My own intuitions with regard to him were not far wrong after all.

Here Adelaide and Mr. Fouché joined our circle, and the conversation assumed a general tone. Army people and garrison anecdotes went round while, for the most part, I listened. Mr. Norris was politely attentive, manifesting no desire whatever to leave my side.

It was not long till luncheon was served and all partook with whetted appetites.

Mr. Righter and Juliet were clinging both to join us. Mr. Fouché was in the midst of an encounter between a Spanish cock, named Heus Gualand and an Indian hostler called Whappawaw. The common people irreverently translated the first into "Limping John," while the other was known as "Ripping Jew." The narrator had a happy faculty of eliciting applause, no matter what his theme, and the laugh was hearty when the last comers drew up.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, if you had as much to do with the natives as I do," said Mr. Righter, "your favorite lament would be 'Lullaby the poor Indian'—instead of 'Lullaby the poor man'—it is the greatest pity the Government will tolerate the treacherous creature or he forever deluding itself into treaties."

At this speech the theme took a wider range and our dinner was interspersed with politics, history, prophecies and anecdotes. Occasionally some familiar landmark in the scene below was pointed out and made to suggest something apropos to something just said or done.

But the sun was riding high in the zenith and all began to feel the intense thirst that follows a laborious ramble and a dinner of dried meats.

"My kingdom for a spring," cried Mr. Norris springing up to look about. "Well that was a deuced good spring of the kind," panted Mr. Garland.

"Strike out Norris and find one," said Mr. Righter.

"Fifty but you had a twig of peach-leaves Mr. Norris," said Guy, "you would only have to carry it along and it would immediately turn toward the spot where water is to be found."

"Yes—but fortunately or unfortunately, Miss Guy, it is a long while since I had a peach twig flourish about me in any capacity," he responded, preparing to set out on his search.

"The more's the pity then," she laughingly retorted.

Adelaide suggested a possible hostility for a spring. Mr. Fouché thought he knew where there was one in another direction.

Juliet said there was certainly water near Old Peg's cave, but who would dare to go there? Whereupon she was rallied upon her cowardice. Myra timidly came to the rescue by saying:

"Indeed Juliet is right. Old Peg is a cannibal. She has devoured several negro children and every body is afraid of her."

"Well now there's a decided spice of adventure in this theme," said Mr. Garland, merrily. "Come Miss Myra, give us the history of this Fefee, while we are waiting."

I again heard the story of the crazy negro whose inhuman ugliness had so frightened me. Each had some incident more horrible than the last to relate concerning her.

"All I have to say is," concluded Guy, "I could wish no worse fate for my bitterest enemy than to get into the clutches of Old Peg."

Mr. Norris returned unsuccessful at this juncture and the party, declaring they must have water, rose on masses and proposed to separate, each taking

a different direction. A certain prolonged halloo was fired upon which was to be sounded by the successful seeker, when in response to the summons the others were to gather in.

Mr. Norris insisted upon accompanying me since I was a stranger to the mountain.

"No more so than you are," I assured him, and he left me at my bidding to do as the others did.

"You may come with me, if you choose," shouted Guy, in the distance. Tongallant to decline the invitation he followed her, calling out to me, "Don't get lost."

When I found myself entirely alone and beyond the reach of human voice, a momentary misgiving came over me; but shaking off the feeling I chose my path and wandered along its shaded groves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sleeping people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst sorcery is laudanum, the very best is sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours of the day as possible in the sunshine and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts; they wear veils, they carry parasols; they do all in their power to keep off the most subtle and yet the most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. It is not time to change all this, and so get roses and color in our pale cheeks, and strength in our weak souls? The women of America are pale and delicate. They may be blooming and strong, and the sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation.

The following story is told by a Hartford clergyman: On his way home from church he found himself behind three ladies busily engaged in a lively discussion over the music of the services, one condemning the soprano and another the tenor, while the third stoutly defended both. As the discussion became warm, the third lady sought to pour oil on the troubled waters, and in the words of the clergyman, "did so to perfection by a judicious and truthful remark, to which all of them at once assented; she simply said, 'Well, it was a miserable sermon, anyhow!'"

We heard a gentleman in Springfield tell a good story a day or two ago on the habit of swearing. He said that a good many years ago at a religious revival a father and son were converted. During the services they embraced each other, when the son said, "Father, let us praise God for the good he has done our souls." "Yes," said the father, "my son I don't know what he has done for you, but he has played hell with mine." The old man had been so much addicted to profanity that he did not know what he was saying.—[Springfield Herald.]

A worthy deacon went to sleep in a church one afternoon lately, and not wishing to disturb him when it was time to gather the collection, another passed around the box in his stead. Coming to where the old fellow was, he thought he would awaken him, just to see how he looked, and how much he would give. So he nudged him with the financial end of the box, and suddenly arousing himself, and mistaking the situation, he exclaimed: "Hold on, it's my deal!"

To KEEP THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT.—Wash the head every week in salt water, and rub the skin of the head with a dry brown towel. Then apply a dressing composed of bay rum and sweet oil, with which a few drops of tincture of cantharides have been mingled. This will stimulate the skin, and keep the hair from falling out and turning gray. The dressing for the hair may be repeated with cinnamon oil or some such warming essence.

The bee-hall fever was had among the boys on the commons yesterday. Old Satan was unpropitious and scored lots of "finks" and "outs." He'll be "pitcher" some day for the Sabbath-breakers, and give them such a "hot ball" as will make 'em yell for ice-water amazingly. They'll better make a "short stop" and "home run" before they are "caught out" and "skunked!" —[Courier-Journal.]

When you see a newspaper article which promises in its beginning to be an essay of high merit, it is well to read it from the profit to accrue from so doing. But as a matter of precaution, it is better to glance first at the end to see if anything is left about two sizes of bottles—one for fifty cents and the other for a dollar.—[Daubury News.]

"Mary," murmured lying Alfred, undecided what to say, "Mary, if you do not love me they say that's the only way. But, with Mary, if you love me, pressed the wretch in accents bland, 'and you wouldn't like to say, then, with Mary, thine own hand.'" —[N. Y. Sun.]

Emerson says: "An eye can threaten like a loaded and leveled gun." He means when cocked, of course. This has no reference, we trust, to the strabismic defect in the eye of a famous lawyer-general.—[New York Illustrated Weekly.]

FOR SALE IN A CONCRETE CO.
I offer for sale 200 Acres of good land, well improved and situated in Lincoln County, on the line between Lincoln and Wayne counties. The land is in a high state of cultivation. There are about 40 acres in wheat, 100 in corn and the balance in timber. It is well watered and the soil is very rich. The price is very reasonable. I am in a hurry to sell. Call on J. H. HARRIS, at the residence, 101 N. 1st St., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE!
I offer for sale my Farm, one mile from Harrisonville, containing the Acres of good land, well improved and situated in Lincoln County, on the line between Lincoln and Wayne counties. The land is in a high state of cultivation. There are about 40 acres in wheat, 100 in corn and the balance in timber. It is well watered and the soil is very rich. The price is very reasonable. I am in a hurry to sell. Call on J. H. HARRIS, at the residence, 101 N. 1st St., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE OR RENT.
I offer for sale or rent, my Residence and Lot of Three Acres, on the highest plain, in the suburbs of Lancaster, half a mile from the city. The residence is a two-story cottage, with a large front porch, and a well watered and the soil is very rich. The price is very reasonable. I am in a hurry to sell. Call on J. H. HARRIS, at the residence, 101 N. 1st St., Louisville, Ky.

AN EXCELLENT FARM FOR SALE!
Near Walnut Hill, on the River, 1 mile from Harrisonville, containing the Acres of good land, well improved and situated in Lincoln County, on the line between Lincoln and Wayne counties. The land is in a high state of cultivation. There are about 40 acres in wheat, 100 in corn and the balance in timber. It is well watered and the soil is very rich. The price is very reasonable. I am in a hurry to sell. Call on J. H. HARRIS, at the residence, 101 N. 1st St., Louisville, Ky.

A FINE FARM FOR SALE!
Near Walnut Hill, on the River, 1 mile from Harrisonville, containing the Acres of good land, well improved and situated in Lincoln County, on the line between Lincoln and Wayne counties. The land is in a high state of cultivation. There are about 40 acres in wheat, 100 in corn and the balance in timber. It is well watered and the soil is very rich. The price is very reasonable. I am in a hurry to sell. Call on J. H. HARRIS, at the residence, 101 N. 1st St., Louisville, Ky.

300 ACRES OF SPLITTED LAND.
Well watered and timbered. Call on J. H. HARRIS, at the residence, 101 N. 1st St., Louisville, Ky.

HANDSOME FARM FOR SALE!
My Farm, lying on the Mountain side and situated near Walnut Hill, on the River, 1 mile from Harrisonville, containing the Acres of good land, well improved and situated in Lincoln County, on the line between Lincoln and Wayne counties. The land is in a high state of cultivation. There are about 40 acres in wheat, 100 in corn and the balance in timber. It is well watered and the soil is very rich. The price is very reasonable. I am in a hurry to sell. Call on J. H. HARRIS, at the residence, 101 N. 1st St., Louisville, Ky.

BLUE GRASS FARM FOR SALE.
We offer for sale privately, the remainder of the farm on which we have been residing, situated on the Mountain side and situated near Walnut Hill, on the River, 1 mile from Harrisonville, containing the Acres of good land, well improved and situated in Lincoln County, on the line between Lincoln and Wayne counties. The land is in a high state of cultivation. There are about 40 acres in wheat, 100 in corn and the balance in timber. It is well watered and the soil is very rich. The price is very reasonable. I am in a hurry to sell. Call on J. H. HARRIS, at the residence, 101 N. 1st St., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE!
I have for sale, a new and elegant Two-Story Frame Dwelling, situated on the Mountain side and situated near Walnut Hill, on the River, 1 mile from Harrisonville, containing the Acres of good land, well improved and situated in Lincoln County, on the line between Lincoln and Wayne counties. The land is in a high state of cultivation. There are about 40 acres in wheat, 100 in corn and the balance in timber. It is well watered and the soil is very rich. The price is very reasonable. I am in a hurry to sell. Call on J. H. HARRIS, at the residence, 101 N. 1st St., Louisville, Ky.

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